ſome liking, I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, & then I ſhall have no ſtrength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a Peppercorne, a brewers horſe, the inſide of a Church. Company, villanous company hath been the ſpoyle of me.

Bar. *Sir Iohn*, you are ſo fretfull, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it, come, ſing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuouſly given, as a Gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic'd not above ſeven times a weeke, went to a Bawdy houſe not above once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, lived well, and in good compaſſe, and now I live out of all order, out of compaſſe.

Bar. Why, you are ſo fatte, *Sir Iohn*, that you muſt needs be out of all compaſſe: out of all reaſonable compaſſe, *Sir Iohn*.

Fal. Doe thou amend thy face, & I'le amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou beareſt the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Noſe of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, *Sir Iohn*, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, I'le be ſworne, I make as good uſe of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I never ſee thy face, but I thinke upon hell fire, and *Dives* that lived in Purple: for there he is in his Robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way give to vertue, I would ſweare by thy face: my oath ſhould be, *By this fire, that's gods Angel*: But thou art altogether given over; & wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of utter darkneſſe. When thou runſt up *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horſe, if I did not thinke that thou hadſt been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire, there's no purchaſe in Mony. O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, and everlaſting Bone-fire-light, thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Taverne & Taverne: but the Sack that thou haſt drunke me, would have bought me Lights as good cheape, of the deareſt Chandlers in *Europe*. I have maintained that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty yeares: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God a mercy, ſo ſhould I be heart-burned.

How

How now, dame *Partlet* the Hen, ha
yet who pickt my pocket?

Hoſt. Why *Sir Iohn*, what do you thin
I keepe theeves in my houſe? I have ſe
haz my husband, man by man, boy by
the tight of a haire was never loſt in

Fal. Ye lie, Hoſteſſe, *Bardoll* was ſhav
and i'le be ſworne my pocket was pic
man, goe.

Hoſ. Who I? I defie thee: Gods lig
mine own houſe before.

Fal. Goe to, I know you well enou

Hoſ. No, *Sir Iohn*, you doe not kn
you *Sir Iohn*, you owe me money *Sir*
a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bough
your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I have gi
wives, they have made boulters of the

Hoſ. Now as I am a true woman, H
owe money here beſides, *Sir Iohn*, fo
ings, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound

Falſ. He had his part of it, let him

Hoſ. He? alas, he is poore, he hath

Fal. How! poore? looke upon his
let them coine his Noſe, let them coin
a denyer: what, will you make a youn
mine eaſe in mine Inne, but I ſhall hav
loſt a ſeale Ring of my Grandfathers,

Hoſ. O Jeſu, I have heard the *Pri*
how oft, that Ring was Copper.

Falſ. How? the *Prince* is a Jack, a
were here, I would cudgell him like

Enter the Prince marching, and
playing on his Trunchion

Fal. How now Lad, is the wind in
Muſt we all march?

Bar. Yea two and two; Newgat

Hoſ. My Lord, I pray you heare n

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37